

SUBLIME COURAGE AS IT IS SEEN IN THE HOSPITALS BEHIND VERDUN

Unconquerable Spirit of the French Soldier Is Manifested at Receiving Stations, Where Stir of Battle and Incentive to Brave Deeds Are Lacking—Day With Wounded Described in Graphic Letter From Noted Writer.

Paris.—The unconquerable spirit of the French soldier, as manifested in the field hospital to which the American ambulance among others hurry the seriously wounded from the relief stations in the immediate rear of the fighting lines at Verdun, is told in graphic fashion by a noted French writer, A. Voillis, as a result of a trip which he was permitted to make in the fifth week of the great battle.

"On the previous day," he writes, "the great guns had been roaring unceasingly, with a hoarse, thunderous noise and with formidable explosions of fury which made the windows rattle and caused the last of the snow to fall from the roofs. On this morning the silence is almost complete.

"It is a sign that the infantry is attacking," says the sergeant in charge of supplies, who is something of a strategist. "We are soon going to be busy."

"Very soon the dull roll of the ambulances is heard. It can be recognized among the bounding and tearing noises of the ordinary wagons.

"The bell rings three times, which means that there are three wounded men, and the litters are hurriedly brought out into the yard.

Glad to Be Alive.

"In the case of the two first comers there is nothing serious to fear. They are two sublieutenants, two boys, and they have become acquainted on the way. Although their looks are still full of astonished stupefaction, they try to laugh, happy at having fought well and at being alive, even merely alive, although a thigh has been broken and a lung pierced. One of them has his helmet tightly pressed on his breast.

"No, don't take it away; don't take it away," he pleads. "I shall take it to bed with me; it is my friend, my savior, and he points to an enormous slash in the blue steel. To think that I came off so easy! With only a damaged leg."

"The other smiles gently as he breathes heavily. He is blond, with a light down on his cheeks and his eyes are blue, and his whole appearance boyish.

"Lieutenant," says the attendant who is emptying his pockets, "you have a military card and letters which are not in your name."

"The young man raises his eyebrows.

"Oh, yes, I remember," he says suddenly. "I had just been hit, and they placed me against the bank; I was nearly frozen and my teeth were chattering. In the neighborhood a company was about to start to the attack. Then one of the soldiers, an old fellow with a big mustache and kindly eyes, leaned over me and said, 'You are cold, poor boy.' He took off his coat and threw it over me, and then I saw him running in his shirt-sleeves to catch up with the others."

"Here is a photograph of his wife and children," said the attendant, "and also his purse."

"It was a worn leather purse, with a gold piece, a few cents, and three cigarettes in it, the entire fortune of the poilu.

"What a good fellow," sighs the little lieutenant. "I don't know him and it would not be easy to find him now; it will be a case for the special bureau."

"A major and a captain," announces an ambulance driver.

The Dying Major.

"The major's gray head shakes with the movement of the carriers. His

eyelids are like dark cavities in a face frightfully discolored. His purple lips continuously murmur words in a spasmodic and touching way: 'Quick—Telephone—They are holding—More munitions—Ah, the fine boys!—They have got there—Fine!'

"Someone raises the covering, and from the neck to the feet the great body of the major is revealed wound up in reddened bandages, like a mummy in rusted strips. At the first relief post they had not spared their pains in dressing his wounds.

"Are you suffering, major?" he is asked.

"His eyelids slowly uncover the already dimmed pupils. His distant look turns to the fresh face of the attendant and to the white cap of the nurse, and then, with a peculiar accent of gentleness and exhaustion, he says: 'No, my boy; no, my little girl.'

"His eyelids drop suddenly, closed forever.

"Madame," an attendant says to the chief nurse, "please tell the captain that he is not reasonable. He wants to get into bed by himself, and he has a fragment of shell in his side."

"The captain is a young officer of chasseurs, slender, vigorous, with his cap on his ear. Seated on the stretcher, he is making efforts to rise, and a little grimace twists his mouth.

"Madame," he says, "I present my compliments. I don't want to be carried. I am not a little girl. What would my chasseurs say? Ah, madame, the fine boys, the fine boys! If you had seen them climb out of the trenches to attack the flood of Germans, and they fell; I saw them fall; my sergeants, my lieutenants, my orderly—and he was such a good boy; but the others kept on running forward. It was magnificent. And then this wretched piece of shell caught me in the ribs, and how those boys looked after me. They carried me in an overcoat, and when a shell exploded they lay down on me, they actually covered me with their bodies. And to think that I left them out there all alone, my chasseurs, my boys!"

"Gradually the beds are filled. Each little room has its share of suffering—of silent suffering. The seriously wounded do not complain much.

"The chief surgeon and his assistants come along. He has just left the operating room; his linen coat is stained with blood and he holds his hands, covered with rubber gloves, high in the air. Under his white cap his face, crossed by a thin mustache, appears thin and hollow, with the strained, sharp expression evoked by a day of work at high pressure.

"He stops before each bed, consults the chart, makes a brief examination and pronounces a few brief words. No time to lose, for there will be operations all night long.

The Battle With Death.

"Send this one to the operating room at once. Yes, captain; it will be a quick affair. Send that one next. Give him 500 centilitres of serum in the meantime. Give that other one camphorated oil, maximum dose."

"It is the bitter, determined struggle against death, which is eagerly on the watch.

"There is a more lengthy delay at the bed of a lieutenant who has just been brought in. His stiff hair is curly and his face is like a sculpture in clear bronze. His eyes are of a bright, clear color and they look sharply at the faces that bend over him.

mons. On orange day I brought some of the fruit from Pomona to the county hospital, where I met some of the boys who were there when I was a patient. I got a chance to get a big can and some things for my leg. Then I was arrested."

Judge White sentenced McCaslin to 90 days in jail.

Jealous of "Mourning" Husband.

New York.—Mrs. Elizabeth Sherwood has instituted proceedings in divorce against her husband, Peter V. Sherwood of New York city. She alleges he "went in mourning" for the death of another woman and refused to tell her the woman's name.

In order to increase speed by overcoming wind resistance, one of the New England dirigibles has all the machinery and space for passengers included in the balloon.

Two million miles of dirt roads have been built in the United States. The total length of public roads of all kinds in this country is estimated at 2,250,000 miles.

an extent that he asserted his ability to outdo the work of the expert. Ben Branscom had such faith in the prowess of his friend that he volunteered to balance an acorn on his head, giving Shaffer permission to shoot at the object with his trusty rifle.

But the marksman aimed too low and the leaden missile plowed through the curly locks of the human target, leaving a crimson scar on the scalp.

"Never again," said Ben Branscom

"All right!" says the surgeon at last, in a gentle voice. His eyes wandered to the bed table and he observed an open letter in a graceful feminine handwriting, on which the three words, "I love you!" stand out sharply. He covered up the wounded officer and tucked in the covering around him quite tenderly.

"We shall not touch you tonight," he adds. "You are not suffering too much? Good, you will have a sedative. Rest well and good-night."

"As the surgeon leaves the room he makes a gesture across his abdomen from one side to the other and whispers: 'He is lost; cut right across. He has no pulse and he will not live till morning. And what a magnificent boy; such courage and such a brave look. It's dreadful to feel that one can do nothing.'

"Madame, the lieutenant with the curly hair wishes to speak to you, says an attendant. The nurse returns to the room on the tips of her toes.

"Madame," the lieutenant says calmly, "I ask for you because I am lost. The Great Sacrifice."

"You lost! Why talk such foolishness?"

"Thanks, madame, but it is useless to deceive me. I am lost; I feel it, and I know it. Oh, I am not complaining; so many of my comrades are gone. It was my turn; that's all. Besides, I have the immense joy of knowing that I die for something. They will not get to Verdun and they are wearing out. Only (and he turns to the darkening window), only I would have liked to see the sun again. Madame, I have some letters here and a photograph. Will you do me the favor to burn them?"

"The bronzed hand reaches out and seizes the papers on the table and presses them over his breast, which rises in a sigh. For a brief moment his fingers tremble and his mouth contracts. Then he holds out the papers.

"Take them. Thanks."

"He is silent. His sacrifice has been consummated. Tears fall from the nurse's eyes on her white bodice and on the love letters, which she presses tight.

"My mother," begins the lieutenant again.

"Do you wish to dictate a letter for her?"

"There is a pause. 'No; I am not strong enough. You will tell her. You will know best how to tell her.'

"His eyes close, and then all at once they open again.

"My notebook. All my war life is inscribed in it, day by day. I have entered the date of my wound. When all is over, will you please add the day and the hour."

"The nurse nods her head affirmatively.

"Thanks once more, madame; you are kind. You must not cry. Go back to the others, who need you more. Good-night, madame."

Reminiscences of the Day.

"The wounded continued to arrive. There are hardly any beds unoccupied. Some young officers who can be moved—broken arms, bullet in the shoulder and general wounds—will be sent to the rear in the evening. They are seated around a fire in their muddy uniforms, which are torn and stained with blood, and they chat in low tones, for there are three comrades in bed near them. They are talking of the recent fighting and their movements are feverish and their eyes shine.

"How funny you looked, old man," says one to another, "as you ran forward, with your hair in the wind and a bagful of grenades on your stomach like an opossum."

"Did you see Lieutenant X—?" After the first attack he waved his yellow gloves and said in that mincing voice of his: "Is not this shelling ridiculous? Those poor Brches have no sense of art."

"All the same, with his gloves and his funny voice, X— is more reckless than all of us together."

COCONUT IS SENT BY MAIL

Address Burned on Oval Sent From Hawaii—Stamps Affixed to Outer Covering.

Huntington Park, Cal.—The queerest piece of mail matter in local post-office history arrived recently addressed to Dr. Sigmund Frey, head of the Jewish Orphans' home. A coconut from Hawaii was delivered to him. The nut was still within its original fibrous covering and the address had been burned into the smooth outer surface with a burning needle. Sixty cents' worth of stamps were necessary for postage, stuck on the nut itself.

Excellent Reason.

Another reason why one child is not enough for a family is that when it grows up the father has two bosses in the family and the mother and the kid have none.—Houston Post.

Every day the River Thames scoops 1,500 tons of earth from its banks.

Fine Field.

"Are you really the seventh son of a seventh son?"

"Yes; but I don't do any prophesying or clairvoyant work."

"It isn't that. I was just wondering if I couldn't get your family's clothing business; that's all."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Overdid It.

"I know a man," said Uncle Eben, "dat kep' so busy lookin' up foh cloud-wif silver hair's dat he done walkin' into a coal hole."

CRACKED-EGG LOSS

Pack in Spring so as to Prevent All Shell Damage.

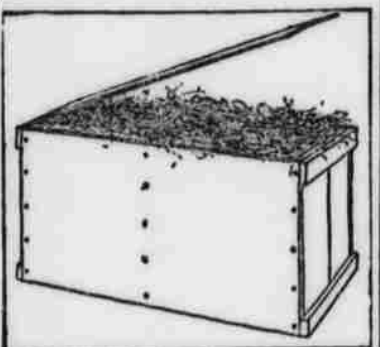
Specialists of United States Department of Agriculture Recommend Use of New Standard Cases With Strong Fillers.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

About 50 per cent of the egg crop of the whole year is produced during the months of March, April, May and June. It is during March, April and May also that the eggs are of the best quality and most desirable for cold storage. Nearly 80 per cent of all the eggs so stored go into storage during March, April and May.

It is especially necessary, therefore, the department's egg-handling specialists say, to see that the early spring pack is well put up in new standard cases with new strong fillers and flats and that cracked eggs, even the very "lightest checks," be rigidly excluded.

Cracked eggs, the practical studies of these investigators have established, are the cause of great trouble and loss to the egg industry from producer to consumer. Every time an egg is handled on the farm or elsewhere it is likely to get shell damage. Occasionally the hen cracks an egg, but that is seldom. The farmer cracks some on the farm, and by the

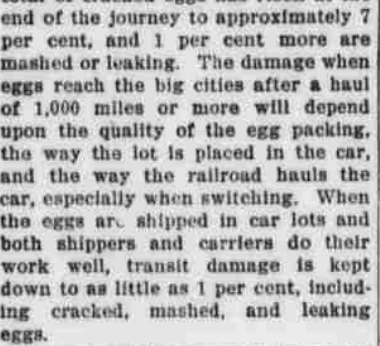


Excelsior Buffering, Properly Used, the Case Makes an Even, Soft Cushion Which Prevents Eggs From Shifting.

time he has hauled them to the country store or to the shipper investigators find that approximately 4 per cent are cracked and one-tenth of one per cent mashed or leaking.

If the country storekeeper rehandles the eggs and hauls them to the egg shipper, the number of cracked eggs is increased to about 6 per cent. In addition, three-tenths of 1 per cent are mashed eggs or leakers that must be thrown out. If, however, the country storekeeper sends the cases of eggs to a nearby shipper by local freight, the total of cracked eggs has risen at the end of the journey to approximately 7 per cent, and 1 per cent more are mashed or leaking. The damage when eggs reach the big cities after a haul of 1,000 miles or more will depend upon the quality of the egg packing, the way the lot is placed in the car, and the way the railroad hauls the car, especially when switching. When the eggs are shipped in car lots and both shippers and carriers do their work well, transit damage is kept down to as little as 1 per cent, including cracked, mashed, and leaking eggs.

Approximately one egg in two cases gets mashed or becomes a leaker on the railroad trip. But when eggs are



Excelsior Buffering, Improperly Used, Increases Rather Than Prevents Egg Breakage in the Case and Distributes Pressure Unevenly on the Top Layer.

shipped in less than car lots, the transit damage is generally multiplied many times. The total damage from all handlings of eggs between the hen and the consumer, investigations show, is certainly not less than 10 per cent, and may be even greater. The 10 eggs out of 100 that are damaged consist of about eight eggs which are lowered in value by cracking and about two eggs which are a total loss.

Cracked Eggs Lower Prices.

Because there are so many lightly cracked eggs and because they will bring a lower price if put in cases by themselves, most shippers have got into the habit of including about 5 per cent of cracked eggs in the cases of supposedly sound eggs. This practice has continued so long that the receivers in cities have adjusted prices accordingly. On the average the shipper is really paid for just what he ships.

Very often the receiver blames the railroad for all the light as well as the heavy damage in the case; and since the inclusion of the 5 per cent of lightly damaged eggs has become generally known, it commonly is supposed that it is these eggs which, being weak, are further damaged in transit. The investigators of the department, however, find that these light cracks, or

even dents, if well packed, loaded and transported, are only one-third more liable to damage than are the sound eggs similarly handled. If the cases are well packed and shipped in well-loaded car lots, the additional liability to damage is only about one-fifth of an egg per case. From the viewpoint of transportation alone the 5 per cent of lightly cracked eggs appears to be comparatively unimportant.

Cracked Eggs Cause Serious Loss If Stored.

From the viewpoint of cold storage, however, even lightly cracked eggs are of great importance. The investigators find that about 50 per cent of the cracked eggs are rotten by November, generally because of a growth of mold. Sometimes the moldy cracking against the filler infects it and the egg in the next cell becomes moldy. Each leaking egg causes about two eggs besides itself to rot. On the other hand, good early spring eggs with sound, clean shells show less than 1 per cent loss from decay by November. In other words, six eggs in every dozen cracked eggs will rot, while only one sound egg in 12 dozen will rot, all other conditions being equal. The cracked eggs are a heavy economic loss.

Loss \$94 Per Carload.

Eggs at the eastern seaboard during the early spring are commonly worth about 20 cents a dozen. Carrying charges, including insurance, are usually about 2 cents a dozen. Therefore, the nine cracked eggs which are spoiled by November show a total loss, not only of their value when they were stored, which was about 15 cents, but also the carrying charges, or a total of 16½ cents. About ten cracked eggs out of the 19, on the average, will not spoil, but are much lower in grade when coming out of storage than the sound eggs. They will be sold for about 33 per cent less than the sound, good eggs, making, on a 25-cent basis, another loss of 7 cents, or a total loss due to cracked eggs alone of 23½ cents a case, or about \$94 on a carload of 400 cases.

This loss of 23½ cents a case, which is believed to be a conservative estimate, quickly mounts up to imposing figures when the vast number of cases of eggs that are stored is taken into consideration. In 45 cold-storage houses alone, according to the report of the American Warehousemen's association, about 3,750,000 cases of eggs were in storage on July 1, 1915. If these cases suffered the average damage, in these warehouses alone there would be a loss to the country of \$881,000 that might have been saved to the egg industry from producer to the consumer if shippers had been more careful in packing their early spring eggs.

WAY OF SPREADING DISEASE

Water Pans in Henhouses Should Be Cleaned Every Day—Flat Wash Basin Easily Cleaned.

How often do you clean up the water pans in your henhouses? You ought to clean them every day. For a dirty water pan is the surest way of spreading disease throughout your flock.

The best way of handling water in the poultry house is to keep it in a cheap, flat wash basin that can be easily cleaned and refilled. It doesn't pay to bother with patent water tanks. You will have to fill them just as often as the basins, and they are harder to clean up.

Place the open basin on a box some eight or ten inches high and perhaps eighteen inches square, and make a runway for this. This keeps it from filling up with dirt and straw from the floor, and the hens do not climb into it in drinking.

Then put the box and basin in a sunny corner of the house away from the roosts and nests, so that no dirt can fall into it from above.

Clean it and refill with clean, fresh water every day and you will have put the disease germs to flight indefinitely.—Wisconsin Station.

PROPER HOUSING FOR TOOLS

All Implements Should Be Protected From Weather When Not in Use to Save Depreciation.

The only way to overcome depreciation is to provide proper housing for all tools and implements. This will protect them from the weather when they are not in use. While the question of housing is important, it is equally important that the defective and broken parts be repaired.

A workshop is required to make these repairs. It need not be large, but sufficiently roomy to allow for a work bench, a stove, and a certain amount of floor space where the machinery or tools may be repaired, or taken apart and reassembled.

GOOD POULTRY LICE POWDER

Dried Tobacco Stems, Powdered and Mixed With Slacked Lime, Is Excellent Mixture.

Tobacco stems, dried, powdered and mixed with slacked lime or used alone, make an excellent lice powder. The stems can be boiled, when the juice forms a good spraying liquid for killing the mites on the roost.

For head lice on chicks apply the juice to the head with a small camel's-hair brush.

Tincture of larkspur makes short work of the large head lice, but must be used carefully and in small quantities.

SWAMP-ROOT Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it may be found just the remedy you need. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may receive a sample size bottle of this reliable medicine by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

KEELEY INSTITUTE

COR. EIGHTEENTH AND CURTIS STS. DENVER, COLO.

Liquor and Drug Addictions cured by a scientific course of medication. The only place in Colorado where the Genuine Keeley Remedies are administered.



They're Even.

"See here, Mr. Jones," said his physician, "it is taking you an awful long time to pay that bill of mine."

"I know it, doc," answered Jones, "but you ought to remember that you were an awful long time curing me."

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription within—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it eight and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Willie's Misfortune.

Willie has difficulty in his speech, and a little girl who came to see him was very much interested in it.

"What makes him talk that way?" she asked another girl, who told her that he was "tonguetied." When she got home she told her mother about it.

"Mother," she said, "that little boy had his tongue tied with a hard knot, and could hardly talk at all."

Not to Be Expected.

The fussy woman was picking over the undressed kid gloves while the weary clerk answered queries.

"Will these gloves wash?" asked the woman.

"They will wash in a solution," replied the clerk.

"Are they guaranteed not to shrink?" asked the woman.

"How can you guarantee undressed kids not to shrink from washing?" demanded the clerk.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Better Than Postage Stamps.

Several American firms with unusually heavy mailings use a postage meter which, instead of affixing the usual postage stamps on mail matter, makes an impression in the upper right-hand corner. The new postal meter performs several tasks, such as sealing, stamping, facing and counting approximately 250 pieces of mail matter a minute. The envelopes, unsealed and unstamped, are placed in a compartment of the machine much in the same manner as they would be placed in a box, the mechanism handling the envelopes automatically from that point. The stamping mechanism not only makes an impression on the envelopes, but also counts, the numbers appearing in a descending serial on top of the stamping meter. The meter is so made that its mechanism can only be adjusted by the post office authorities, who set it for the number of impressions the user has paid for. When that number of impressions is exhausted, the meter automatically locks.

GLASS OF WATER Upset Her.

People who don't know about food should never be allowed to feed persons with weak stomachs.

Sometime ago a young woman who lives in Me. had an attack of scarlet fever, and when convalescing was permitted to eat anything she wanted. Indiscriminate feeding soon put her back in bed with severe stomach and kidney trouble.

"There I stayed," she says, "three months, with my stomach in such condition that I could take only a few teaspoonsful of milk or beef juice at a time. Finally Grape-Nuts was brought to my attention and I asked my doctor if I might eat it. He said, 'yes,' and I commenced at once.

"The food did me good from the start and I was soon out of bed and recovered from the stomach trouble. I have gained ten pounds and am able to do all household duties, some days sitting down only long enough to eat my meals. I can eat anything that one ought to eat, but I still continue to eat Grape-Nuts at breakfast and supper and like it better every day.

"Considering that I could stand only a short time, and that a glass of water seemed 'so heavy,' I am fully satisfied that Grape-Nuts has been everything to me and that my return to health is due to it.

"I have told several friends having nervous or stomach trouble what Grape-Nuts did for me and in every case they speak highly of the food."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CALLS SELF 'AN ETHER SOUSE'

Prisoner Tells Judge in California Why He Stole Drug From a Hospital.

Los Angeles.—How and why he invaded the county hospital, stole a can of ether, a package of iodoform and a roll of bandages, told by H. L. McCaslin in Judge White's court, was declared by the court to be the most peculiar statement ever made before him.

McCaslin described himself as "an ether souso" and pleaded guilty to the larceny charge. According to his story, his indulgence in the sportive dates back two years. He said:

"One night I started to ride to work at Bakerfield on a motorcycle and on the way was struck by a car. They took me to a hospital to operate on my leg, and for the first time in my life I smelled ether. I thought it was the finest experience I ever had. Since then I have persuaded six more doctors to operate on me. Then I found I could buy the drug.

"Lately I have been living in Po-

BULLET SEARS HIS SCALP

Human Target in a William Tell Act, After First Trial, Says "Never Again!"

Calabar, Cal.—Frank Shaffer and Ben Branscom attempted to reproduce the historic William Tell act here a few days ago.

The two men recently witnessed an exhibition of target shooting by an expert marksman. This fired the imagination of Frank Shaffer to such

an extent that he asserted his ability to outdo the work of the expert. Ben Branscom had such faith in the prowess of his friend that he volunteered to balance an acorn on his head, giving Shaffer permission to shoot at the object with his trusty rifle.

But the marksman aimed too low and the leaden missile plowed through the curly locks of the human target, leaving a crimson scar on the scalp.

"Never again," said Ben Branscom